

THE AMARANTH.

A SEMI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION, DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE, POETRY AND AMUSEMENT

VOLUME I.

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NUMBER 12.

THE MUSES' COLUMN.

Original.

Stanzas.

LONELY fall the shades of evening
'Round the widow's lonely cot,
As her heart, in sadness beating,
Thinks of one who now is not.

Infant voices, gay and laughing,
But recall the funeral knell;
And her spirit sad is sinking
As these memories o'er it swell.

Hush your music, happy children,
Know ye that your mother sighs?
That your shouts her heart have riven?
Tears are gushing to her eyes!

Ye recall the buried treasure
Of a heart that loved ye well—
His whose hand has often let ye,
And his pray'r heaven's records tell.

And that mother now is thinking,
"Who like him your way shall guide?
Who lead to the fount of wisdom,
Whence the healing waters glide?"

There is One, sad-hearted mother,
Who knows all thy wants and cares:
Love is His, beyond a brother's;
He thy every sorrow bears.

He has promised that the orphans
Shall be His especial care—
That His hand shall ever guide them—
That their burthens He will bear.

And the lonely-hearted widow,
Trusting in His guardian love,
Never shall be all forsaken,
If her trust is still above.

They that trust, no desolation
Of the soul shall sadly prove;
He, with joy and consolation,
Fills the heart with peace and love.

Oberlin, Ohio.

H. M. T.

Original.

The Zephyrs' Offerings.

"And the Minstrel Zephyrs paid court to Twillight?"

Fairy Tale.

I come from the mountain,
From valley and glen;
I bring these all rare gifts
I've gathered in them.
I lay at the shrine,
Of my heart's chosen queen,
The brightest and sweetest
Of beautiful things.

I watched near the mine,
For the first gleam bright
Of glittering gold,
That broke upon light;—
Then turn'd me and gather'd
A mingled ray,
Of a dark-dyed bower,
As it faded away.

At a bower I linger'd—
A maiden was there;
A blush on her cheek,
A sigh on the air;
The rose tint had mantled
Over love's witching dream,
I seized, while it deepen'd,
A rare gift, I ween.

I kissed the fair flowers
At sunset's last light,
While gathering in
Their sweets for the night.
I bear of their fragrance
A bountiful share;—
I've covered my wings
And loaded the air.

Ashtown, Ohio.

SARAH.

We wish it expressly understood, that in consequence of the above pieces of poetry not being sufficiently long to fill out this column, we were obliged to insert this brief article.

THE STORY-TELLER.

THE PRINCESS OF CHIOS; A LEGEND OF THE GREEK ISLES.

BY C. DONALD MACLEOD.

Turn! storm and shine, thro' truth and guile,
The amaranth shall our emblem be;
Blooming forever like thy smile,
And fadeless as my trust in thee!"

I.

THE isles of Greece! The disinherited of earth; the beautiful foster-children of the blue Mediterranean. Still flourishes the olive upon their hills and the vine in their valleys. Still are the dark eyes of their maidens glorious in beauty as when Hero looked upon Leander, or Paris drew passion from the glances of Helen.

But the laurel hides the broken column of the Pythian's temple, and the myrtle springs from the porphyry dust of Anadyomene's altar. The song hath passed from the lute of Sappho; the wine from the goblet of Anacreon. The hearts of the islemen ring no more to the Athenian thunders of Demosthenes, and the peans of Tyrtaeus are forgotten. Phidias and Praxitiles, Zeuxis and Parrhasius are only names.—The Roman, the Scythian and the Turk have desolated the beautiful islands; and now

"Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all except their sun hath set!"

II.

"Pluck me that other cluster, good Laodon: there, farther to the right. Is it not a fine one?"

"Ripe as thine own rich lip, sweet Rhodocheile;" and the youth robbed the graceful vine of its treasures, and flung cluster after cluster into the hands of the beautiful girl who stood before him. Ah, those Greek girls, with their great, fathomless, passionate eyes; their high bosoms, and white wreathing arms! They were made for love, from the days of Ariadne to those of the maid of Athens. And is not Rhodocheile a pleasant name? With us it means "rose-lipped." Yet there is one, sweet Laida, lovelier than any my brightest Grecian dream could ever show! And thou art in my own land; and thy dark eyes shall rest upon this page; and for thee it is that I rake up the embers of knowledge, kindled in an earlier day; and frame these stories of the long ago.

"Quick with thy work!" cried Rhodocheile. "The sun will leave us in a few moments."

"So you are with me, I will not notice his departure," sighed Laodon; and the maiden frowned as maidens sometimes frown when pleased the most.

"A song! a song!" cried a bevy of gay grape-gatherers, coming near the two of whom we have spoken. "Sunset has come; the work of one day, at least, is over. A song, good Laodon, a song!"

The long lashes of Rhodocheile rested upon her cheek; but she felt that her lover's eyes were asking if she too wanted a song. Up went the lids, out flew a glance, bright and swift as summer lightning, but eloquent as a period of Æschines. And Laodon sang:

1.

Why do the vine's young tendrils curl?
'Tis to be like thy tresses, girl!
Twining and wreathing in every place,
And clinging to all with a fond embrace.
And hiding half where those lips of thine
Ripe as the sun-kissed clusters shine.

2.
Why is the night so ebon now?
Why are there stars on her solemn brow?
This was a strange, bright mystery;
But we read the riddle at once in thee;
Where the star's sweet light 'mid the darkness lies,
In the passionate deep of thy splendid eyes.

3.
Ask why the sea hath its fall and swell?
And thy bosom of snow shall the answer tell.
Lo! how it sleepeth so still and fair,
Gentle yet peaceful when calms are there.
But waken its storms, and O! who may repress
The strength of its passionate earnestness!

4.

See how they mimic those charms of thine—
The night, the wave and the springing vine!
Who shall deem him thy power above?
Who shall have known thee and cease to love,
When the flower, the star and the rolling sea,
Can speak to our bosom of naught but thee!

Rhodocheile was the daughter of Areus, Prince of Chios; a man proud of himself and all that was his. Laodon was the son of a poor man who had died, and was soon forgotten, for he had done nothing but good in this world. But there could be no games in Chios, no song, no moonlight dances, if Laodon were away. He was the soul of the island, and the maiden was his soul!

And there they wandered, those two, alone by the sea side. Moonlight and the shore of Chios; the voices of a hundred nightingales; the rich fragrance of the cereus and acacia. The blue hills of the Morea in the distance; and nearer, the sleeping isles, breathed from some unseen spot, the notes of a flute; and far out upon the deep, the returning song of some belated fisherman.

"You say, most beautiful," murmured Laodon, as he twined his arms about her, "you say that women are so true; and yet old songs compare them to yonder waves, which curl and sparkle to every star that smiles upon them."

"We will be content with the metaphor," said the girl. "A woman is that great sea: gentle and peaceful when the calm is there, but who may tempt it when the storm is upon it? And woman, as the sea, may smile on all, in an hour of lightness; but down in the deep heart lie rich treasures that even the golden India would pale to look upon."

"And from the abundance of our treasures, sweet enthusiast;" said the lover, "you have given me one that all the wealth of earth could not purchase."

"And that?" asked Rhodocheile.

"Is my faith in thee! The first athletean crown that youth wins; the first warm praise awarded to attempts at song; the first coming of wealth to the poor man who hath high desires; the first victory to the young soldier;—all these bring no such thrill of full joy, as the first feeling of faith in a loved one! *Pneuma mia!* The gods have given unto men no dream so bright as the dream of woman's fidelity; no power so glorious as the power to trust! Here, beloved," and stooping, he plucked a single *Amaranth* flower; "I give thee this, the emblem of the unfading immortality of my faith!"

"And I will preserve it forever, Laodon."

"Will thy truth be as the *Amaranth*, outlasting summer's heat and winter's cold? Will it bloom forever, Rhodocheile?"

And as she hid the flower in her bosom, she answered,

"When I forsake thee, Laodon, may Jove"—
"Sieze! Bind him!" thundered a stern voice near by; and the lovers turned to see Areus, accompani-

by a dozen of his guard.

"Bear him to the dungeon!" said the Prince, "and her to the women's chambers. To-morrow she weds with Lynceus."

"Never!" said Rhodocheile. "Hear me, my father!"

"Lead her away;" said Areus.

"Prince?" began Laodon.

"Silence him; and drag him to the dungeon. To-morrow we shall see further."

And the guard led them away.

Now Lynceus was crooked both in person and temper. Lynceus also squinted with light gray eyes. Lynceus was short in person, and mean in mind. Laodon was beautiful in person as a Pythian priestess's dream of Apollo; free hearted, generous and noble as a poet's hero.

An unfavorable contrast, we think, for Lynceus.

III.

The morning came; and in his dark prison-house lay the young Chian, musing of the past: and from it gathering strength to meet the future. After a time the guard appeared and ordered him to follow. He obeyed, and was led into the presence of Areus. The Prince sat upon a sort of throne, slightly raised from the floor; and around him stood a circle of warriors, armed *cap-a-pie*. At his back was the figure of a tall, gaunt Nubian, the executioner of his court.

"Dost know why thou art brought here?" he demanded of Laodon.

"That I may receive another illustration of tyranny, I presume," was the haughty reply.

A strong murmur of disapprobation was heard from those who stood by, and Areus instantly took advantage of it.

"Can this man receive clemency?" he asked, and then turning again to Laodon, he continued, "You have presumed to the favor to snare the affections of a Princess of Chios. You, a poor and base-born man. I myself have observed and heard you."

"So that one man," said Laodon, "is at once my accuser, the witness against me, and my judge. Yet hear, O Prince, that I do love your daughter; that I consider you far from dishonored thereby; and that if the gods will give me power commensurate with my desire, I will win and wear her yet!"

"Need ye further questioning?" asked the Prince of his warriors.

"No!" was the stern response.

Areus made a sign to his guards; and Laodon, already bound hand and foot, was thrown upon the floor. Another sign, and the Nubian advanced and knelt by his side. Then the faces of the stern old warriors grew pale. One low moan, such as bitter agony wrings from the strongest heart, was heard, and then the black turned to his master.

"Is it done?" asked the Prince. The slave bowed.

"Then unbind him and lead him away."

The bonds were taken from the limbs of the Chian, and he stood upright. He turned his face toward the tyrant, and Areus shuddered to look upon it. Though ashen and rigid, as if set in the ice of death, there was the superb beauty of feature that had been the wonder of the islemen. There was the magnificent forehead, not high, but broad, massive, living with intellect. The proud curl was still upon the red lip. But where, one moment ago, the eyes had flashed, the thick blood trickled slowly from empty sockets!

"Prince!" he said, "thou wilt be accused of all time and nations for this deed. Chians! ye will battle and die to prove your island the place of my sepulchre!"

"We will see as to that," said Lynceus, "and that is more than thou canst." But Laodon did not notice him.

"Wouldst thou do me one service?" he said to the slave who led him from the presence of the Prince—

"conduct me to my own house."

He obtained the favor; and there, until the night came, he waited, sorrowfully. Then he threw a mantle over his shoulders, took a lute in his hand, and led by two who yet dared to love him, approached the shore. A boat was launched, and thus the blinded exile left his land.

"What are those?" asked one of the oarsmen, pointing to a long procession of lights upon the land.

"I know not," answered his companion. And it was well that he could not answer. This knowledge might have then destroyed a mind that the gods had created for eternity. The lights were the torches of those who bore to the house of Lynceus his bride, Rhodocheile, the daughter of Areus.

IV.

Long years have passed away since Laodon left his home. Hearts that beat strongly then are now in the silence of death. New existences have come upon the breathing earth. Babes have become strong men. Blooming girls are withered. Areus is at rest in his grave; and Lynceus sits on the throne of Chios, in the right of Rhodocheile. And she!—she is stretched upon her couch waiting for the hour to die—longing for the peace and privileges of the far land of forgetfulness.

Change is written upon all things save Nature. She bears a smile that cannot fade; a heart from which the flowers and the song of birds, the smiling heavens and sunny seas shall never pass away; or never until she shall lie down, side by side with time, and the fiat of annihilation be spoken over both.

Thrice had the island been overrun by the pirate hordes of Africa. And now, for the fourth time, they were gathering with fierce resolve, to sweep from the face of Chios all trace of its inhabitants. And the cowardice of the Chian prince would have persuaded them to leave it at the mercy of the spoiler. Some few of the youth still prayed for battle; but the strength of soul of the elders had decayed under their present ruler.

Never was there a nation more fitted by nature for greatness than the Greeks of all ages, give them but noble rulers. But never was there a people who could fail so rapidly and so far, when left without the guidance of lofty minds.

Again it was the season of the vintage. But now the youth were gathered—not as formerly to the joyous grape gathering—but in knots, with moody brows and smileless faces; doubting, desponding, fearing—all but *hoping or doing*—for their homes and their beautiful island.

"What can we do?" said one. "Were we resolute for defence, who would lead us? Not the Prince!"

"Not he," said a second bitterly—"he would lead nowhere but to flight."

"But," suggested a more charitable voice, "the Princess Rhodocheile is dying, they tell us."

"So much the worse, then; he would leave her who gave him his throne, to perish by the knife of the pirates."

"Ah!" sighed an elder, "it was not so in the days of Areus!"

"But can we do nothing? Can we not at least make a struggle for our hearths and altars? Must we die like deer, or flee like stricken hounds? What can we do?"

But from all came the sad reply—"Nothing! We can do nothing!" Suddenly there was a sound as of the sweeping of harp-sirings, and the eyes of all were turned upon two, not noticed before among them.—The first was but a child, a boy of eleven or twelve.

He stood by the side of an old man; a man with snowy hair, and a forehead plowed with many wrinkles, and a once tall form, stooped and bowed and feeble. Over his eyes a black fillet, tightly bound proclaimed him sightless.

As they looked upon him, he struck again the strings of a small lyre in his hand, and raising his face, a proud, inspired expression passed over it, and the color deepened upon his withered cheek. Then, without a word spoken, he poured forth, to passionate, wild music, a song. And these the words:

1.

Awake for your home, O hearts still true!
And swear that your arms shall aid her;
For the land of your fathers never knew
The step of the proud invader.
In her sacred spires she had fervent trust;
In her gods and her cause reliance;
And the mightiest foeman bit the dust,
At the feet of the old Achalians!

2.

Remember the stern Achilles' blow,
When the Ilian dared to defy him—
When the daughter of Leda broke her vow,
For the dark-eyed child of Priam.
The time when the Argive chiefs with joy
Clasped hands in the proud alliance;
And the flames sprang high o'er the walls of Troy,
'Mid the shouts of the old Achalians!

3.

Will ye dare to flee, in the coward's style,
From the first report of danger?
Will ye tamely yield your beautiful isle
To the haughty tread of a stranger?
No! Quick from the sheath your falchions tear,
And bid to the world defiance;
Yes, swear to be as your fathers were
In the days of the old Achalians!

And when he had ended, knives gleamed in the air, and dark eyes flashed; and with a shout that shook the clusters on the Chian vines, they swore to die for their island.

"The Prince shall lead us!" and the mass, amounting by this time to nearly the whole male population of the place, thronged to the dwelling of Lynceus. On—they pressed, calling upon the name of their Prince, and echoing their battle cry, "God for Chios!" And when Lynceus came forth to meet them, and demanded "What want ye?" "A leader for the fight!" they shouted. "An arm to strike for Chios! A Prince to battle for his throne! A ruler to struggle, and, if need be, to die among his people!"

He dared not trifle with the excited populace, but gave at once the pledge to lead them, and issued the necessary orders for preparation.

With a few who had followed the Prince, the old lyrist entered the palace. There again he struck his lute, and a circle collected round him, while he sang of the olden time—of the falsehood of Helen and the gathering of the Greek clans to aid the vengeance of Menelaus. But while the music was yet echoing thro' the hall, there came one saying—

"The pirates have landed; a few only are opposing them. We wait for the Prince to lead us."

And Lynceus went forth and led his people to the battle. The old man, at the bidding of a slave, followed him into the women's apartments, where the dying Princess lay.

"Shall he sing to you?" asked her maidens.

"Yes, let him sing; it may, perhaps, drive away sad thoughts, so that I may die in peace."

And again the old man touched the chords; this time with low, mournful prelude; and then he sang:

1.

My flowing locks are like the snow
That sleeps upon Citheron's hill,
And down my cheek the furrows go
Whose channels tears alone may fill.
Full many a page of life I've read,
And wandered far from clime to clime;
But this that bows my feeble head,
Is age that cometh not with time!

2.

The death of joy, when tyrant pride
Hath rent our life and hope apart:
The treach'rous friend—the faithless bride—
These bring the old age of the heart!
The pride that, like Sardinia's weed,
Bears mirth and poison; youth's sweet prime
Oppression crushed—such, such the seed
Of age that cometh not with time!

The dying Princess raised herself upon one arm and fixed her eyes upon the face of the lyrist.

"Who and what art thou?" she asked.

"In my youth I was a Chian, and men called me Laodon!"

"Come nigh to me Laodon, and touch my hand once more."

And the blind old man arose, and guided by the sound of her voice, stood once more at the side, and clasped once more the fingers of her he had loved so well.

"Laodon, I have been true to thee in my love. I was a forced bride. I have been an unloving wife. I too have known and suffered, and now perish with the age that cometh not with time. Yet I have been true to thee. Dost thou believe it?"

"By the Gods, Rhodochile, do I believe thee!"

"It is well!" she said, "and now for the proof.—Take this in thy hand, for thou canst not see it;" and from her bosom she drew a withered flower. It is the AMARANTH! Faded, scentless and unlovely as myself; but it has been my link to thee. And by it, Laodon, and by this last embrace," and she drew down the old man's head and pressed her lips to his. "This is thy Amaranth pledge; and this, this is the kiss of our betrothal, when I meet the in Elysium!" And sinking back upon the couch her spirit passed away. The old man sank down upon the floor, and as he fell, his arm rested upon the lyre and crushed the strings from their resting place. They and he perished there together!

Bye and bye the victory shout rang clear; and the islemen were returning chanting psalms for the safety of Chios. Lynceus entered the chamber of the Princess, and found himself again in the presence of death. Not this time was it death amid the excitement and din of arms—the clang of the African cymbal, and the peal of the battle trump! But silent, calm and solemn—the death that is a lesson! And the torch light shone upon the cold brow of his wife, and the unstrung chords of the broken instrument; and the calm, dead face and white hairs of its master.

The lyre was but the work of human hands. The corse upon the couch was but a Chian Princess: but the clay at her feet was the clay of HOMER!

The Liar.

As you would avoid the paths of sorrow and misery, as you would turn from a crumbling precipice, flee from the steps of the liar. His breath will pollute and destroy. None can confide in him—none trust him. He is hated by his companions and shunned by his friends. Should you get entangled in the net of the false, use the utmost exertion and prudence to regain your former standing; for unless you do, farewell to all your hopes—to all your joys.

Genius.

Now, genius is given to man not only to enlighten others, but to comfort and elevate himself. Thus, in all the sorrows of actual existence, the man is doubly inclined to turn to his genius for destruction. Harassed in this world of action, he knocks at the gate of that world of idea or fancy which he is privileged to enter, he escapes from the clay to the spirit. And rarely, till some great grief comes, does the man in whom celestial fire is lodged, know all the gift of which he is possessed.

A Gem.

WE love to see a woman treading the high and holy path of duty, unblinded by the sunshine, unscarred by the storm.

There are hundreds who do so from the cradle to the grave—heroines of endurance, of whom the world has never heard, but whose names will be bright hereafter, even beside the brightest of angels.

THE AMARANTH.

"The only Amaranthine flower on Earth is—Virtue;
The only lasting treasure—Truth!"

To Correspondents.

We are under obligations to a new contributor for the beautiful "STANZAS" in the Amaranth of today. Hope she will continue her favors.

The "LINES" by our old and valued friend "Frank," we are compelled to delay for want of room. They shall, however, appear soon.

The "LINES," by "C." of Hayesville, came too late for an insertion in this number. By the disclosure of the author's real name, they may appear in our next.

It has been said that there are "exceptions to all general rules;" but from this, in reference to the real name of correspondents, we never depart.

"FEMALE EDUCATION" shall appear in our next.

"THE PIC NIC" and several other prose communications, we have not had time to peruse attentively.

Perils of Falsehood.

IN the beautiful language of an eminent writer, "when once concealment or deceit has been practised in matters where all should be fair and open as day, confidence can never be restored, any more than you can restore the bloom to the grape or to the plum which you have once pressed in your hand." How true is this! and what a neglected truth by a great portion of mankind! Falsehood is not only one of the most humiliating vices, but sooner or later it is certain to lead to many serious crimes.

With partners in trade—with partners in life—with friends and lovers, how important is confidence! How essential that all guile and hypocrisy should be guarded against in intercourse between such parties! How much misery would be avoided in the history of many lives, had truth and sincerity been controlling motives, instead of prevarication and deceit!

"Any vice," said a parent in our hearing a few days since, "any vice, at least among the frailties of a milder character, but falsehood. Far better that my child commit an error, or do a wrong and confess it, than escape the penalty, however severe, by falsehood and hypocrisy. Let me know the worst, and a remedy may possibly be applied. But keep me in the dark—let me be misled or deceived—and it is impossible to tell at what unprepared hour a crushing blow, an overwhelming expost, may come."

Religion.

THERE is a religion in every thing around us—a calm and holy religion in the unbreathing things of nature, which man would do well to imitate. It is a meek and blessed influence, stealing, as it were, upon the heart. It comes quietly and without excitement. It has no error—no gloom in its approaches. It routs not the passions, and is untrammeled by the creeds and unshadowed by the superstitions of men.

It is from the hands of the Author, and glowing from the immediate presence of the great Spirit which pervades and quickens it. It is written in the arched skies. It is on the sailing clouds, and in the invisible winds. It is amongst the hills and valleys of the earth, where the shrubless mountain pierces the atmosphere of eternal winter, or where the mighty forest fluctuates before the strong wind with its dark waves of green foliage. It spreads out like a legible language upon the broad face of the unsleeping ocean. It is that which lifts the spirit within us until it is tall enough to overlook the shadow of our place of probation—which breaks, link after link, the chain which binds to materiality, and opens to our imagination a world of Scriptural beauty.

AVARICE is the last passion to become extinct in the human soul.

Originals

The Change of Changing Time.

THERE was a time when this Beauteous world was not,—a period, too, when from utter chaos it was spoken into existence, fitted, decorated, and adorned for the habitation of man, endowed with reason and intellect—the master-piece of the Almighty architect.

Time, in its ceaseless current, has flown onward—change has followed change—scene after scene has been witnessed, sufficiently numerous to convince beyond doubt that all things are fleeting and transitory. Wars, pestilence and famine have swept over the land, carrying death and devastation with them.—Great and mighty nations and kingdoms have risen and fallen in their turn. Countries which were once noted for their virtue and intelligence are now enveloped in heathenish darkness. For examples of this we have only to cast a glance over the countries of Egypt and Ethiopia. In ancient times the former was distinguished for being the centre of the arts and sciences, the latter for its greatness and power. But these once flourishing nations have frequently been conquered by unrelenting and savage foes, so that at present they possess as little civilization and there is as little known concerning them as any countries on the globe.

Populous cities, that were remarkable for their magnificence and wealth, are now crumbling to dust. For instances of this look at Rome, Carthage, and Alexandria. A great part of Rome, which in the days of Augustus Cesar was the haughty mistress of the known world, is now covered with fields and gardens. Carthage, whose commerce extended to all nations, has comparatively sunk into oblivion; and Alexandria, which, several hundred years before Christ, was the seat of intelligence and grandeur, extinguished for its magnificent palaces and celebrated library of seven hundred thousand volumes, stands now only as a monument of its former greatness and splendor.

But we need not stray into the foreign countries of Europe and Africa to behold the effects of changing time. They are to be seen in our own free and enlightened country, where peace and virtue shine with uncommon brightness. But a few centuries have elapsed since this glorious land of liberty was a dense wilderness, whose sole inhabitant and possessor was the Indian. The only sound that saluted the ear was the howl of the wild beast, accompanied by the hideous, fiend-like yell of the savage. But how changed the scene—what a different aspect now greets the vision! The majestic oak, and the towering elm, have alike fallen prostrate before the hand of the industrious, enterprising emigrant, and the woods which were the favorite haunts of the Indians and the centre of their savage sports, are now adorned with delightful villas, thriving towns, and large commercial cities, crowded with enterprising and intelligent inhabitants.

We need not even wander over different sections of our own country to see changes; they are to be seen in our own circles and neighborhoods. I presume, without a doubt, there is not one that can look around upon the narrow circles in which they move, without noticing a greater or less number of changes which have transpired in a brief period of time. And will this always be the case? is there no calm, no resting spot, where change reacheth never? So long as time exists, this can never be.

But there is one change, one final change, awaiting all, when trivial scenes and every joy and sorrow cease, when time to each shall be no longer. Then what thought can be more cheering and delightful while encountering the billows and eddies of the turbulent stream of time, than that there is an anchor "sure and steadfast" to which all may cling—a haven in which all may moor their foundering bark, where the changes of changing time can no more affect or annoy.

E. A. P.

Floral Vocabulary.

"Every flower doth on its face a mystic language bear."

Lily, White,	<i>Purity and Modesty.</i>
Lily of the valley,	<i>Return of Happiness.</i>
Linden Tree,	<i>Matrimony.</i>
Lobelia,	<i>Malevolence.</i>
Locust,	<i>Affection beyond the grave.</i>
London Pride,	<i>Frivolity.</i>
Lotus,	<i>Estranged Love.</i>
Love-in-a-mist,	<i>Perplexity.</i>
Love-in-a-puzzle,	<i>Embarrassment.</i>
Love-lies-a-bleeding,	<i>Hopeless, not heartless.</i>
Lucern,	<i>Life.</i>
Lupine,	<i>Sorrow, Desjection.</i>
Madwort, Rock,	<i>Tranquility.</i>
Maize,	<i>Plenty.</i>
Mallow,	<i>Sweet disposition.</i>
Magnolia,	<i>Love of Nature.</i>
Mandrake,	<i>Rarity.</i>
Maple,	<i>Reserve.</i>
Marvel of Peru,	<i>Timidity.</i>
Marigold,	<i>Inquietude.</i>
Meadow Saffron,	<i>My best days are past.</i>
Meadow Sweet,	<i>Uselessness.</i>
Mercury,	<i>Goodness.</i>
Mezereon,	<i>Desire to please.</i>
Mignonette,	<i>Excellence and loneliness.</i>
Mimosa,	<i>Sensitiveness.</i>
Min,	<i>Virtue.</i>
Mistletoe,	<i>I surmount all obstacles.</i>
Moonwort,	<i>Forgetfulness.</i>
Motherwort,	<i>Secret Love.</i>
Moss, tuft of,	<i>Maternal Love.</i>
Mulberry Tree,	<i>Wisdom.</i>
Mushroom,	<i>Suspicion.</i>
Mouse Ear,	<i>Forget me not.</i>
Myrtle,	<i>Love in absence.</i>
Narcissus,	<i>Egotism.</i>
Nasturtium,	<i>Patriotism.</i>
Nettle,	<i>Slander.</i>
Nightshade,	<i>Dark thoughts.</i>
Night-blooming Cereus,	<i>Transient Beauty.</i>
Nosegay,	<i>Gallantry.</i>
Oak,	<i>Hospitality.</i>
Oats,	<i>Music.</i>
Oleander,	<i>Beware.</i>
Olive Branch,	<i>Peace.</i>
Orange Tree,	<i>Generosity.</i>
Orange Flower,	<i>Chastity.</i>
Osier,	<i>Frankness.</i>
Ox-eye,	<i>Obstacle.</i>
Palms,	<i>Victory.</i>
Parsley,	<i>Entertainment.</i>
Passion Flower,	<i>Religious Superstition.</i>
Pea, Everlasting,	<i>Will thou go with me.</i>
" Sweet,	<i>Departure.</i>
Peach Blossom,	<i>I am your Captive.</i>
Pennyroyal,	<i>Flee away.</i>
Peony,	<i>Ostentation.</i>
Phlox,	<i>We are united.</i>
Pimpernel,	<i>Assignation.</i>
Pine Apple,	<i>You are perfect.</i>
Pine,	<i>Pity.</i>
Pink,	<i>Purity of Affection.</i>
Plane Tree,	<i>Genius.</i>
Plum Tree,	<i>Keep your Promises.</i>
Polyanthus,	<i>Confidence.</i>
Pomegranate,	<i>Foolishness.</i>
Poppy,	<i>Consolation of Sleep.</i>
Prickly Pear,	<i>Satire.</i>
Primrose,	<i>Early Youth.</i>
" Evening,	<i>I am more constant than thou.</i>
Privet,	<i>Prohibition.</i>
Pyrus Japonie,	<i>Fairies' Fire.</i>

To be Continued.

Original.

Local Emotions.

THE principle by which we are susceptible of impressions from external things, was intended by the Great Author of our being to be the source of innumerable blessings to us.

There are few who can gaze upon the grand and beautiful, the sublime and ingenious works of nature, as they whisper the praise of their creator, without feeling a sense of sanctity and mysterious awe pervade their soul.

It is upon this principle that a fact, a thought, or a mental impression, is associated with the persons, places, or other circumstances; and the impression thus made, often more vivid than the real fact. With what lively recollection can we recall to mind former faces and scenes, by being permitted to view some memento of former times! With what tenacity and fond devotion will a near friend cling to some small token of remembrance, given them by the dear idol of their heart!

The mother will gaze with all the intensity and fondness that can possess a parent's heart, upon some article of dress, or some favorite toy that was wont to call forth the happy smile of her departed child, and will be able to see the beauty that perched upon its infant brow when she clasped it in her arms. She will linger by the grave of that departed one, gaze fondly upon the tall grass as it waves in silence over the sacred spot, and hear the gentle rustling of the willow leaves as they seem to sigh in sympathy with her sad spirit; and every blast that sweeps around that little mound wherein those cold remains repose, falls upon her ear like the hollow sound of melancholy music.

To enter a room where we had been accustomed to meet a friend, will bring to our remembrance many a pleasing scene. There we will be able to read his tender look, see his touching eye, and hold sweet converse with his deep-toned thought. There the anti-type of reality will loom up to view, and we will be persuaded that the same graceful form that wore the garb of friendship, the same smile of welcome that played upon his lips, and the same voice of melody that charmed our ears, are portrayed before us, tho' that voice is hushed in the austere couch of death, that smile defaced by the acute tooth of the canker worm, and that form shrouded in the dark remorseless bosom of the cold earth.

It is by such local emotions that the wild and wayward son has often been reclaimed, while standing by the resting-place of a departed parent, or by being brought in contact with some object strongly associated with the scenes of his youth. A retrospect to the prayers, the tears, the admonitions of his fond parents, now sleeping in the grave, will often strike him so forcibly that the tear of penitence starts in his eye, and he yields to the divine impulse.

The soft strains of music, too, as they fall upon the ear, will raise the imagination to higher objects, and lead the mournful heart to the contemplation of future blessedness. The tender feelings of the human heart are often excited in the calm stillness of the night, when no sound is heard, save the rippling of some distant stream, or the hollow moanings of the wind. The scenes of nature contribute powerfully to inspire that serenity which heightens their beauty, and which is necessary to the full enjoyment of them. By a sweet sympathy, the soul catches the harmony she contemplates, and the frame within assimilates itself to that without.

Who is there that has never felt a calm, a hallowed, and heavenly influence pervade his breast, while seated in some silent retreat, gazing upon the deep azure sky, as it spreads its canopy of brilliant and twinkling stars over his head, and in calm stillness performs the

will of its Creator! With what vividness, in this hour of silence, do the words, "what is man, that thou art mindful of him," strike the inmost soul!

Every hill and plain, every stream and grove, is fraught with associations of thrilling interest, which revive in the mind the image of early recollection. In this state of sweet composure we become susceptible of virtuous impressions from every surrounding object. The playful lamb is viewed with tenderness and love—"the guileless sheep with pity, and the patient ox with generous complacency." We rejoice with the birds as they spread their pinions and soar at liberty through the air, making the forest ring with the melody of their varying notes. Actuated by these feelings and divine emotions, we find a fane in every grove, and glowing with devout fervor, we join our songs in their universal chorus, or muse the praises of the Almighty in more expressive silence.

The tall trees, as they wave their tops before high heaven, and the little stream, as it hurries on to the mighty ocean, are fit emblems of their Creator's power and wisdom, and should teach man, in like reverence and submission, to perform the labor assigned him.

Ashland, O.

LYRA.

Pride and Humility.

I NEVER yet found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. Of all trees, I observe that God hath chosen the vine—a low plant, that creeps upon the helpful wall; of all beasts, the soft and patient lamb; of all fowls, the mild and guiltless dove.

When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar, nor the sturdy oak nor the spreading pine; but a bush—an humble, slender, abject bush;—as if he would by these selections check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing procureth love like humility; nothing hate like pride.

HE is indeed the wisest and happiest man, who, by constant attention of thought, discovers the greatest opportunities of doing good, and with ardent and animated resolution, breaks through every opposition that he may improve those opportunities.

PARDON thine enemy, and do him good as thou hast opportunity, and thou wilt resemble the incense that fills with perfume the fire that consumes it.

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